

The Macdonald FARM Journal



VOL. 20, NO. 6

JUNE, 1959

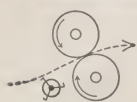


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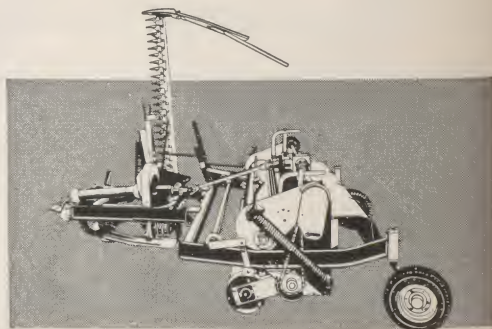


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Editorial

DO WE NEED TWO FARM POLICIES?

OVER the past years this column has discussed the policy problems which face the commercial segment of our agriculture. It has also given attention to the non-commercial part of our agriculture — to small farms, to subsistence farms and to part-time farms. But the line between these two agricultural communities has never been clearly drawn. This has resulted in some lack of clarity about agricultural policy, a difficulty which is evident in most writings on the subject. The difficulty may be illustrated in terms of the observations that price supports and research and technological advances make little or no contribution to the large number of farm people who are on our small part-time or subsistence farms. It is illustrated further in terms of the fact that most of our publicly supported credit schemes place severe limitations on the aggregate amount of credit made available to farmers. This would suggest that it is the policy of government to maintain small rather than large farms.

For all these reasons, and the illustrations could be multiplied, it is appropriate that farmers think through the implications of each farm programme so far as it bears on our large commercial farms on the one hand and our small farms on the other hand. In considering this problem we must ask ourselves what policy do we want for each of these segments of our agriculture, or do we really want simultaneously to attempt to support both segments. Certainly in the tough kind of competition that comes from other countries we cannot avoid giving our agriculture every encouragement to be efficient. If this means a smaller number of large highly capitalized farms than we have, we must be prepared to face that too. Our

commercial market is and will essentially be supplied by commercial farms and every encouragement must be given to see that this is done efficiently. In this sense we require an aggressive policy for a commercial agriculture. When it is shown, as is very frequently done, that returns in agriculture are at a very low level, this means that the returns of the commercial farms and of the noncommercial farms are averaged together. We should now think in terms of grouping statistical data about farm incomes in terms of the commercial farms and of the non-commercial farms separately. It might, for instance, be found that on our commercial farms, the financial returns are not really unsatisfactory. But we should prove whether or not this is true. It may well be that these commercial farms could get along without price supports. In fact they might be better off without them. Should they not be allowed and encouraged to realize the greatest possible efficiency on their own?

On the other hand, we must have more information about the nature of our small farm problem. Certainly in this segment of our agriculture, financial returns are intolerably low. It is true that these farms are becoming less numerous as their operators leave to go into non-farm work and as these units are consolidated with larger farms. These changes appear to be in the national interest, and if so no policy should stand in the way of this gradual reduction in the numbers of small farms.

But, this negative or neutral level of policy is perhaps not enough. Should we not be thinking of positive means for improving the position of these farmers? One positive step would be to undertake research which would show that over much of the country where small farms are important, the quality of land, other resources, and market opportunities are so

poor that it would be impossible to sustain even a fraction of the present number of farmers at anything like an acceptable standard of living. An appropriate policy would be to effect substantial improvements in education and in other public facilities in these areas without at the same time adding to the financial burden of the farm families. This would call for further extension of equalization of the cost of public services. We should also recognize the importance of family allowances, old age pensions, and other social security payments in the lives of these families. Over the years these income transfers should be expanded. These are policies for the non-commercial segment of our farm industry.

One might ask how one divides a farm from a non-commercial unit. This in itself is a difficult task, but perhaps not of the greatest importance. Present estimates show that about 70 per cent of commercial production in agriculture comes from about 15 per cent of our farms. Perhaps even this crude estimate is a satisfactory guide. However, another way to look at it is to examine the capitalization of farm units in these two categories. While statistical information on the subject is not adequate it may be true that the capitalization on the commercial farms referred to above exceeds some figure in the \$15,000 to \$20,000 range. Capitalization is an increasingly important measure of size of farm since it has now become obvious that for an able farm operator to make a fully effective use of family labour and management a capitalization of \$30,000 or more is required. It may not be necessary to establish special farm credit arrangements to insure large amounts of capital to owners of high ability (and the necessary equity), but it should be recognized that the future of an efficient farm industry to a very considerably extent lies in the hands of these operators. Every encouragement and no discouragement should be given to the development to this part of the industry.

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Editor, H. GORDON GREEN, Ormstown, Que.

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Nuclear Weapons Testing and the Future Generation

Macdonald's Vice-Principal dares a forthright opinion on one of the most controversial topics of our day.

By Dr. H. G. Dion

WHEN it was recently announced that the talks between the "Great Powers" on the subject of halting nuclear weapons testing were in trouble, I am sure we all felt acute disappointment. While there is general agreement that nuclear weapons testing and the contamination of the atmosphere and the earth with the resulting fall-out are undesirable,

just how undesirable it is, is to most of us, not too clear. Considerable information has been given to the general public on the contamination of the soil by radioactive Strontium 90 and Caesium 137 and it has been indicated that the Strontium 90 content of milk in the United States has increased threefold since 1954. A recent report from Winnipeg has drawn

attention to a similar effect in Canada. Strontium 90, which behaves like calcium and is held strongly in the soil, is taken up by plants and, when these are eaten by animals and humans, the Strontium ultimately appears in their bodies, where it is deposited, along with calcium, in the bony tissues — where it stays. In the case of Caesium, we know that this material is much more soluble than Strontium and remains in a fairly soluble state in our bodies and is excreted fairly rapidly.

Strontium 90, because it concentrates in the bones, has been regarded as suspect in cases of bone cancer and leukemia, since the bone marrow is the seat of red blood cell formation. Caesium 137 does not concentrate in the bones, or in other organs, but, since it is spread generally throughout our bodies, it has been linked with the other possible hazard from radiation — genetic damage, and the production of defective genes, which may not show in individuals carrying them, but which are passed from generation to generation and eventually lead to the birth of an abnormal child.

Before saying anything about either the direct effect through leukemia and bone cancer, or the indirect genetic effect on our children and their children, I should say something about the amount of additional radiation that we are subjected to. The popular press has been fairly reassuring on this point, with frequent reference to the fact that it isn't really much — only about 1% of what we are already exposed to from natural radioactivity from the earth, from cosmic rays, and from the medical use of X-rays. In order to point out how little this is, it is frequently said that the additional amount is about the same as we get from luminous dials on our wrist watches. The conclusion most frequently drawn is that this is so little we shouldn't worry about it, and that only the cranks and the Communists object to nuclear weapons testing.

While it is true that the additional radiation is only about 1%, and



NINOSHIMA ISLAND . . . This little island is one mile off Hiroshima. Under the single tombstone here lie the bodies of some 3,000 persons who were severely burned and died in the atomic blast that devastated Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. The island was an army quarantine station pocked with cave-like air raid shelters. Thousands of injured were brought here in boats, on rafts and anything else that would float. Some of those who died were cremated. But the makeshift crematorium couldn't keep up with the mounting deaths. So an estimated 3,000 were left in caves and the cave sealed up. Two years later the caves were reopened and the remains of those within transferred to this common grave.

that this is comparable to the radiation from wrist watches with luminous dials, this doesn't by any means indicate that the *effects are insignificant*.

Most of the re-assuring news stories on nuclear weapons testing say that the level of radiation from fall-out isn't sufficient to do us — that is those of us at present on earth — any harm — and here they are referring to direct effects on our bodies, such as leukemia and bone cancer. There is no doubt that high levels of radiation will cause leukemia and bone cancer, but what isn't known is whether there is in fact a threshold below which the level of radiation doesn't matter.

The United Nations' Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation considered this problem, and say that, on the one hand, if there is no threshold and if every increase of radiation causes a corresponding increase in leukemia, the effect of fall-out so far is such as to produce between 300 and 2100 additional cases of leukemia per year, and that, if the tests stop now, the number of cases per year would fall steadily year by year, with the total number of cases of leukemia caused by fall-out amounting to between 25,000 and 150,000 for the earth's population as a whole. On the other hand, they say that if it turns out that *there is a threshold* below which additional radiation does not cause leukemia and bone cancer, fall-out so far has not been responsible for *any* additional cases of these diseases. As yet we don't know which theory is correct.

What about genetic effects? The geneticists tell us quite plainly that even a small amount of additional radiation, continued over a long period of time, produces an increase in genetic changes or mutations, that these, whether they show or not, are passed on to our children and our children's children, and that, almost without exception, genetic changes are harmful. We know that, over the world as a whole, the normal proportion of babies born with an inherited physical or mental defect is between 1 and 4%. This means that each year somewhere between 715,000 and 2.8 million mental and physically defective children are born. Genetically, then, man is not in good shape, and our normal proportion of misfits is already a very serious burden to society. The geneticists have calculated that fall-out contributes still more to this



The first test explosion, at Bikini Atoll in the Pacific, July 25, 1946. No one knows how many tests have contaminated the earth since.

burden — if the tests *stop* now, genetic damage, due to fall-out, will cause an additional 2,500 to 100,000 defective children to be born in the future. If the tests are *not* stopped and fall-out continues at its present rate, the additional radiation will produce between 500 and 20,000 additional defectives per year for the earth's population. We can all agree that this is a bad thing — we would be particularly impressed with its evil if it were our own children or our grandchildren who were affected — and we should remember that, unlike leukemia or bone cancer, the genes causing these mental and physical defects are passed on to succeeding generations.

It is obviously a highly improper and immoral matter for some countries to contaminate all of the earth's surface with radioactive fall-out, since this, of course, falls on the countries that do not test nuclear weapons as well as on those that do. If Russia, the United States and Britain could make sure that fall-out affected only their own people, the rest of us could say that this is their problem — and we could express our disappointment, but remain aloof from other people's sins. When we can be sure that their actions will bring personal tragedy into homes, not only in Canada, but in all other countries as well, this is no longer an academic question.

The scientist, then, has answered the question as to the effect of nuclear weapons testing. The answer is that as far as those of us alive today are concerned, either there will be no additional cases of bone cancer and leukemia, or there will be a few more as a result of weapons testing. For our children and for their children, the genetic effect is more significant and we know that, if weapons testing stops now, we can expect not less than 2,500 of the world's children to be born with inherited mental or physical defects as a direct result of fall-out. If the tests continue, we can expect an extra 500 to 20,000 defectives to be born *each year*.

Whether or not we should continue to test nuclear weapons is a difficult question — but it is a question to be decided on the basis of relative values; moral and ethical values — it is not a scientific question.

Science can tell us whether something is bigger or heavier than something else; Science can tell us how to make something, or what will happen *if* we make it, but the one kind of answer Science does *not* provide is whether something is preferable to, or better, or less harmful than something else, since preferable, and better and less harmful have a precise meaning only according to individual values. Scientific pronouncements on

(Continued on page 30)

Letters for our **BEEF SECTION**



SHE'S A FARMER'S WIFE AND LOATHES IT

I have been a so-called farmer's wife for the last six months, and how I loathe it. To me one hasn't lived until they've lived in town, where I have been born and bred.

True the country scenery is better, the air fresher and cleaner, the people more healthy and it is so much better for children, but to me this is poor compensation for the inconvenience of life in the wilds, dearer living (all our bills have doubled), fewer stores from which to choose—and less variety; and I literally hate having to de-cake the mud from our shoes, and continually brush mud from our clothes.

Just after we moved in a silage machine appeared on the adjoining fields, the noise nearly drove me mad, from 7.30 a.m. till 9 p.m. I couldn't think. Luckily I left after two days to have my baby, because the noise continued for three weeks.

The chickens peck my plants to pieces. I have half hour's walk up a muddy lane to collect my milk, etc. The tradesmen refuse to call, except one. There is no social life.

No, in my opinion, town life offers much more freedom and independence at half the cost.

I like the country for a holiday, but the scenery is better on a picture postcard, and the animals doom is best met in my absence.

How I sigh for my compact little garden, my house with all mod. cons., and an enjoyable walk (with my baby in its pram) to the park.

Perhaps I have yet to get acclimatised, but at the moment I feel it is like living the last chapter of a book—the beginning of the end.

I would also welcome any advice you have to offer, or suggestions on re-adjustment.

Disillusioned

CANADIANS LAZY

Dear Editor:

We've been hearing a good many criticisms levelled at farmers in the past, but this one coming from a recent arrival from Holland, threw us for a loss.

"People in Canada are not religious," the lady declared. "Their children are rude, and the farmers are lazy."

"Lazy," she reiterated. "In Holland the farmers put up three or even four crops of hay each year. In this country they tell me farmers put up only one or two! People that lazy deserve to be hard up!"

*Ina Bruns,
Lacombe, Alta.*

* * *

LESS SPACE FOR THE WOMEN, PLEASE!

Dear Mr. Green:

We sure like the new Macdonald magazine but since the Women's Institute can't seem to make up its mind about what title you should give the first page of its section, why not suggest changing the heading slightly to "The Bitter Impulse"?

Frankly, I wouldn't give two hoots in a haybarn for all that country news stuff. It reminded me of what we used to hear on the party line before television came to take its place.

Just give us less about the women and there'll be no kick at all about the book you are turning out. It's tops.

*Tory,
Knowlton, Que.*

* * *

DIDN'T SEE THE JOKE

Dear Sir:

I am very glad that I do not know anyone in Huntingdon I would say to myself. "Surely, so-and so did not write that letter to the Editor of the Beef Section in May issue of the Macdonald College Journal.

What protection would city people, who are urged to drink more milk, have if the health authorities and the milk inspectors did not do their duty?

Maybe the writer thought that the description of the day's activities was funny but I failed to see the humor.

The composition was well written so why not choose a better subject the next time?

*Rural Quebecer,
Lennoxville.*

* * *

CURED HIS EAVE TROUGH

Dear Mr. Green:

I've just read a letter by a Mr. Vail, of Rawdon in your Macdonald Farm Journal, and I'd like to help the guy if I can.

Of course, hardware men sell the kind of thermostatically controlled heating wire he asks about, but I don't think much of them. If a chunk of ice cuts the wire, you're stuck.

For the last eight years I have used a trick that I find very satisfactory. (My first year up here I had awful trouble with ice formation at the eaves; lumps a full half-ton in weight rolled off in spring).

I place an extra row of rubber or asphalt shingles around the edge of the roof. I slide each shingle between the last and the second last rows of shingles, so that the edge of the new shingle projects about an inch beyond the eave trough, tack down two nails to a shingle, and pull them in early spring and store until fall. That prevents the melting snow from accumulating in the trough, which is what causes the piling up of ice and the backing up under the roofing, etc., etc.

If you will kindly pass this on to the gentleman, perhaps it will help him. It did the trick for me.

*Yours sincerely,
A. E. Perks,
St. Faustin,
Que.*

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gives a

Report to the Province



LIME

WHEN? WHERE? HOW MUCH?

By J. S. Bubar

*Lecturer in Agronomy,
Macdonald College*

The Quebec Department of Agriculture encourages the use of limestone by paying transportation costs to Quebec farmers who purchase suitable quality lime for use on their farms. Most farmers in Eastern Canada can benefit from applications for certain of their crops on certain of their fields. When, where, and how much, are questions the farmer must face when he plans to use lime.

First, we must recognize that different soils in Quebec are very different in their lime requirements. Some have been formed from limestone and may need little added lime; others are formed from granite or sandstone and may require a lot of lime. A relatively low application rate will make a big difference on a coarse soil, such as sandy or gravelly loam; the same application will bring about much less change on a fine textured soil, such as a clay or clay loam soil.

Natural lime in the soil and added lime is washed down into the lower layers of the soil and some is carried out of the soil in water. This means that we may be short of lime at the surface when there is plenty at depths of 2 or 3 feet. Lime may be needed in the topsoil to get plants growing; later their roots may reach lime at greater depths. In our region, lime is continually carried down by rainwater, hence applications should be made at fixed intervals over the years. One application in each cycle of a crop rotation will generally be adequate. One of the important reasons for plowing and



What many farmers do not realize is that the presence of abundant limestone deposits in the vicinity of your field may not guarantee that the field itself does not need a lime application.

renovating pastures is to provide an opportunity to get lime and fertilizer into the soil.

To determine the needs of any one field, a soil test, called a pH test, should be carried out. This test measures soil acidity and one of the purposes of liming is to bring the pH to a level which is satisfactory for the crops to be grown on this field. To get a satisfactory test, it is essential to have the field properly sampled. You should call on your district Agronome for help in getting a proper sample. Once you have this test, you should also ask your

Agronome for his advice on how much to use on your soil since you can get your best information from the man who knows your local conditions best.

In general, you should lime to raise your pH level to that required for the crop you are to grow. A neutral soil (pH = 7.0) is not always desirable and may be quite undesirable. Alfalfa does best at 6.5 or higher up to about 7.5 and generally will not do well if the pH is below 6.2. The pH is not the only factor so there are exceptions to this general rule. Birdsfoot trefoil, sweet clover,



Like all other modern farm machinery, lime spreading equipment costs money. But often there is a chance to rent spreaders, or to share the purchase with neighbours.

and asparagus also benefit from pH levels of 6.5 or better. Beets, cauliflowers and lettuce grow best at pH levels of over 6.0. The other clovers and many other crops grow best at a pH between 5.8 and 7.0. The potato crop tends to develop scab if lime is applied to raise the pH too high. So, when lime is applied in a rotation containing potatoes, the lime is put on after the potatoes are harvested so it will be well-washed in by the time the next potato crop is planted on the field. Blueberries, Azaleas, and Rhododendrons will be damaged by liming as they grow best at pH levels of 4.0 to 5.0.

Overliming can be damaging to crops so it is very important that the required amount be met but not exceeded. By controlling soil acidity, lime has many indirect effects on the availability of fertilizer to crop plants. Soil acidity is necessary to dissolve certain elements and one feature of too low a pH is that too much of certain elements may dissolve. Boron deficiency may be aggravated by liming, so an extra application of Borax may be needed following liming. Lime interacts with superphosphate to make it less available, a problem that can be partly overcome by placing lime in one position in the soil, superphosphate in another, so the two do not come in direct contact.

Besides controlling pH, lime supplies plants with calcium, in which case it acts as a fertilizer. Our lime requiring crops, the clovers, alfalfa and Birdsfoot trefoil, tend to concentrate calcium in their leaves and to make it available to livestock. Since this is especially desirable for our dairy

cattle which need calcium for their milk, the added lime will help improve the quality of the hay and pasture for these animals. Also, lime contains varying amounts of magnesium which is also an important fertilizer element. Where magnesium is low, "Dolomitic lime" should be used since it is high in magnesium. In some areas all the lime used is dolomitic, because it is the lime found in deposits in those areas.

From the soil surveys that have been carried out in Quebec, we see that soils in the Eastern Town-

ships are generally more acid than those in the region South-West of Montreal. We see that soils in Stanstead, Sherbrooke, Richmond, Compton, Shefford, Brome and Missisquoi may have a pH as low as 4.1 and very few exceed 6.0. The Quebec Department of Agriculture reports that the average tons of lime per farm on which assistance has been paid is 4.80 in Stanstead, 3.10 in Sherbrooke, 2.83 in Richmond, 5.90 in Compton, 4.17 in Shefford, 2.71 in Brome, and 3.56 in Missisquoi. Many of the soils in this region are quite

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MONTREAL

coarse, but their low pH values mean they require about 2 tons per acre to grow alfalfa or clovers at all well on the more acid soils. This means that enough lime is supplied to satisfy the lime needs on only 2 acres of legume hay per farm per year in the Eastern Townships or the needs of only 8 acres are satisfied for a complete four year rotation. Actually, some farmers are satisfying their needs but most are not using the lime they require.

In the counties of Huntington, Chateauguay, and Beauharnois, the lowest pH reported is 5.1 and test as high as pH 8.0 have been reported. In these counties we find an average of 0.99 tons per farm receiving assistance in Huntington, 2.55 in Chateauguay, and 1.10 in Beauharnois. Less lime is required here than in the Townships because the soils are generally not as acid. However, many of these soils are fine textured and require more lime per acre to raise the pH one unit. A field at 5.5 in this area will require 3 or 4 tons per acre to raise the pH to the level required for alfalfa. More lime could probably be used to advantage in this area as a whole but it is important that lime be used where soil tests show it is needed. Care should be taken not to overlime. Many fields, especially those on limestone ridges in this area, require little or no lime.

Our answers to the liming question are:

WHEN — Once in a crop rotation, or once every 4 or 5 years before lime requiring crops are seeded.

WHERE — On fields that require lime for which the best indication is a pH test.

HOW MUCH — Up to 3 or 4 tons per acre depending on pH level and soil texture.

THE FIRST BOTTLE

Now they've started to collect milk bottles . . . and we don't mean the Milk Men. The New York Antiques Fair States that the earliest known dated U.S. milk bottle was made in 1866.

* * *

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* * *

In 1957 more wheat was produced in France than in Canada; 404,000,000 bushels against 373,000,000.

Grant to Promote the Use of Ground Limestone in Agriculture

In consideration of the assistance given by the Federal Department of Agriculture, the Minister of Agriculture has agreed to pay, as hereafter described, a grant for transportation charges on shipments of ground limestone purchased by the farmers of this province in order to correct soil acidity.

General Conditions

1. The ground limestone should conform to the following specifications:

a) to contain a minimum neutralizing value of 85% and to be pulverized to such fineness that 100% of the material will pass through a sieve of 10 meshes to the inch, and 30% will pass through a sieve of 50 meshes to the inch.

b) The selling price, excluding packing and hauling costs, must not exceed \$3.00 per ton.

2. For equivalent quality, ground limestone shall be purchased from the nearest quarry, unless it can be demonstrated that the quarry is unable to supply such product.

Railway Transportation

3. The shipments must be by complete carloads of 30 tons or more, and be accompanied by a delivery permit for each complete carload, in conformity with the reduced tariff granted by the railway companies to farmers for transportation of ground limestone.

The delivery permit is issued by the Department and is given in duplicate, to the purchaser by the local agronome. One copy is sent to the seller with the order; the other is kept by the purchaser.

4. The Department of Agriculture will pay:

a) a grant equal to the transportation charges, according to the reduced tariff, up to a total of \$2.00 per ton;

b) an additional grant equal to half the excess, if transportation charges exceed \$2.00 per ton.

5. To simplify matters, the seller will pay the total transportation charges, according to the reduced tariff, and will make a claim for the amount of the grant payable by the Department.

6. Claims must be filed with the Head of the Field Husbandry Branch, Department of Agriculture, Quebec, and must be accompanied

by the following documents:

a) a copy of the invoice sent to the purchaser on which should appear:

The number of tons in the shipment;
the selling price per ton;
the cost of transportation;
the amount of Government grant;
the difference in transportation cost to be paid by the purchaser;
the car number;
the permit number;

b) the bill of lading of the transportation company showing, in addition to the usual item, the weight of the goods verified by the company. This verification is not necessary in cases where an agreement exists between the shipper and the Canadian Freight Association with regard to uniform weights of sacks.

Highway Transportation

7. In this case, the Department will pay, from the quarry to the farm, a grant of 10c per ton for each of the first 10 miles, and 5c per ton for each of the following 20 miles up to a maximum of \$2.00 per ton.

8. In order to facilitate a better control on mileage, in future, for a 30 miles radius, mileage shall be based on distance between the quarry and the center of parish or township of the claiming farmer, according to the printed table exposed in the quarries.

9. The claim must be made in duplicate on an official form obtained from the local agronome and should be filed with the Head of the Field Husbandry Branch, Department of Agriculture, Quebec, after being verified and signed by the agronome of the farmer's district.

The claim must be accompanied by the original invoice issued by the seller on forms supplied by the Department of Agriculture. These invoices must indicate as separate item: the number of tons delivered, the selling price per ton and the name and address of the purchasing farmer. The invoice must be signed by the purchaser.

10. For the remote districts where the transportation of ground limestone has to be made by rail from the quarry to the station and, thence, by truck from the said station to the farm, the Depart-

ment of Agriculture will pay, *starting from the 6th mile*, a grant of 10c per ton for each of the 10 following miles and 5c per ton each of the 20 additional miles. This grant cannot exceed \$2.00 per ton. On the claim, in the column "bought from" should appear the number of delivery permit that has been used for the transportation by railroad.

As this is a joint policy with the Federal Department of Agriculture, the regulation will be in effect from April 1st 1959 to March 31st 1960.

COMPENSATION FOR DISEASED CATTLE

More than one farmer has wondered what he'll receive for cattle by way of compensation if his stock is infected when the vets on the brucellosis cleanup reach him. Many another will think he has been unfairly treated when he compared his cheque with that of his neighbour. Here is the way compensation payments are calculated.

Under the Animal Contagious Disease Act a *maximum* of \$140 for purebred cattle and \$70 for grade cattle may be paid if these animals are ordered slaughtered under the Accredited Herd Plan, the Restricted Area Plan or the Brucellosis Control Area Plan. To obtain maximum compensation the animal must be of high quality.

To guarantee equitable appraisal of animals, inspectors award points. For example, purebred animals are classified as follows: 25 points if the animal is classified "Good" or better by the Breed Association (Pedigree), 25 points if the animal is an outstanding representative of the breed (Conformation), 25 points if the animal is from 3 to 7 years of age (Age) and 25 points for cows which are fresh or about to freshen and which have a sound udder (Usefulness). If the total points for Pedigree, Conformation, Age and Usefulness is 100, then the owner receives \$140. However, if points total only 80, then the owner receives \$112.

Grade cattle are scored $33\frac{1}{3}$ points each for Conformation, Age and Usefulness. A grade animal scoring 85 points would draw a compensation payment of \$59.50.

If the carcass is so diseased that its sale is unlawful, then an additional payment will be made equal to what the carcass would have brought if sold.



QUEBEC AYRSHIRES SELLS FOR \$2,000 AT U.S. SALE — Burnside Nola, a 2 year old heifer consigned by R. R. Ness and Sons, Burnside Farms, Howick, Quebec, sold for \$2,000 at the U.S. National Ayrshire Sale at Saratoga Springs, N.Y. May 7th. She was purchased by Robert L. Knight, Lippitt Farm, Hope, R.I. and was the second highest selling animal in the Sale. Burnside Nola was fifth prize senior yearling at the 1958 R.W.F. and is a daughter of Carnell Never Fear. Left to right: Douglas A. Ness, Burnside Farms; Robert L. Knight, Lippitt Farm; Mitchell A. Ness, Burnside Farms at the halter.

AN APTITUDE TEST FOR FUTURE CO-OP DIRECTORS

(from the Journal "Ensemble")

To determine if a member of a Co-operative is likely to make a good director, here are a few questions which you can ask yourself —

1. Does he really believe in the co-operative movement and its possibilities?

2. Does he already support his co-op by showing his interest in it and by taking advantage of all possible services from it?

3. Does he know how to take part in meetings?

4. Do his personal interests conflict with those of the co-op? By his profession or occupation is he likely to have business dealings with the co-operative?

5. Does he desire to be a director, or do others wish him to fill the position of a director?

6. If the majority of the directors of the administrative body do not agree with his point of view, will he continue to criticize them or will he support the majority decision?

7. Is he inclined to give opinions off the top of his head? Is he an eternal "yes-man"?

8. Can one be confident that he will use his own discretion or will he be swayed by all the different ideas which may be raised at a directors' meeting?

9. Is he the type of man who cannot stop himself meddling in the work which is the responsibility

of the manager or of the employees?

10. Will he be likely to solicit special favors of the co-operative because he is a director?

11. Is he the kind of man who will be careful to study and inform himself of the laws and regulations which govern the co-operative and make sure that the regulations are abided by?

12. Will he be capable of understanding and judging the financial position of the co-operative?

13. Will this man be able to work as part of a group?

14. Does this man have the respect and consideration of his neighbors?

15. Is this man successful at his present work?

16. Will his election as director represent a real gain for his co-operative?

17. Does this man demonstrate initiative as well as good judgment and consideration?

18. Is this a man who is always trying to improve his knowledge and education and who tries to pass it on to others?

19. Is this man honest above suspicion?

20. Is he a true co-operator in thought, word and action?

If a member of a co-operative passes all these tests successfully, he is likely to be an able director. If he doesn't look for another.

Why Dairyman Must Advertise

By O. J. W. Shugg

*Public Relations Director,
Dairy Farmers of Canada*

IT is fair to say that dairy farmers as individuals are not fully aware of the potency or the potential of the advertising program being operated on their behalf by their national organization Dairy Farmers of Canada. By the same token many do not know, even, that through their local dairy association they belong to Dairy Farmers of Canada which links together 36 provincial and national associations covering all Canadian dairy producers.

From the beginning of the producers' national advertising program in 1950 this problem of communication with the individual dairy farmer has been a real obstacle and explains to a considerable extent why the national budget for advertising is in the vicinity of \$370,000 a year instead of \$700,000 which is what it would be if the full potential of the June Advertising Set-Aside were realized. The fact is that thousands of dairy farmers do not know what it is all about because the local as-

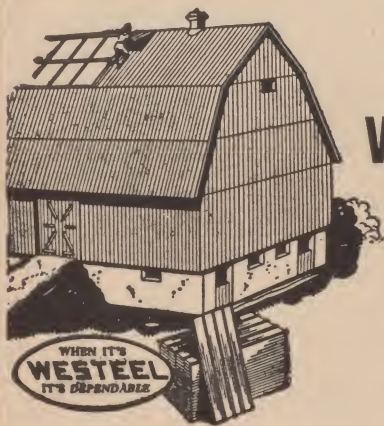
sociation to which the individual belongs has not, with a few notable exceptions, taken the time or made the effort to explain to producers the value of their participation in national advertising.

A national advertising program such as that of Dairy Farmers of Canada is reasonably difficult to explain to laymen for it is a complex contributed by people who have spent many years in learning the efficient advertising use of newspapers, magazines, radio and television; in the creation of ideas and writing; the organization and operation of merchandising programs to support national advertising; the creation and distribution of dairy food ideas to press, magazines and the women's commentators of radio and TV; and the building of better public relations with Canadian consumers who, in the final analysis, hold the power of economic life or death for dairy farmers. It is as difficult to explain the complexities of an advertising program as it is to explain the complexities of running a successful farming operation.

The farmer may say, "Granted advertising is complex, what about

the results?" This is a fair question and one which is difficult to answer in terms of maintained or increased per capita consumption of dairy foods. It is true that during the nine years Dairy Farmers' advertising program has been in operation there has been a generally healthy, and in some cases spectacular, increase in the per capita consumption of dairy foods. However, Dairy Farmers of Canada cannot claim sole credit for this since there are many other dairy food advertisers in the field. However, the national program has had an influence on dairy food promotion in Canada far beyond the three million dollars of producer money spent during the period of its operation.

Since the inception of the program all sections of the dairy industry have become more promotion conscious. The national unbranded advertising and merchandising program of Dairy Farmers has provided an umbrella under which many dairy and related advertisers have tied in as never before. In this regard the June is Dairy Month promotion is an excellent example. Last year and again this year more than 4,000



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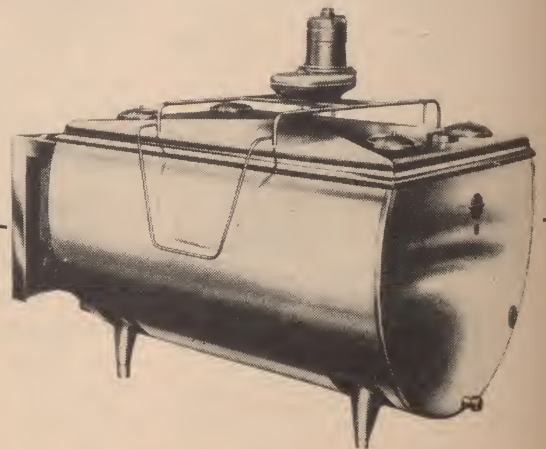
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Vancouver
Calgary

of the largest food stores in Canada will be pushing dairy foods during June. In 1958 one food chain spent \$52,000 in support of the June is Dairy Month promotion. While this was an outstanding example it is significant that there were 26 food chains and food alliances, as well as independent stores, backing the promotion. For the five other dairy food promotions staged throughout the year there is always active food store support, a fact even more important than the amount of advertising made possible by the Dairy Farmers' budget. The executive of a large food chain in Western Canada sums up the attitude of store operators generally when he says, . . . "by co-ordinating our promotions with yours we get additional impact . . . and sales".

One should not pass from the 1959 June promotion without drawing attention to the amazing job being done by magazines, daily and weekly newspapers, and by radio and television stations in drumming up local support for what is the largest food promotion of its kind in Canada. In addition to dozens of newspapers which will be running special dairy sections, 55 radio stations and more than 30 television stations across the country will be saluting June is Dairy Month.

The National Dairy Council of Canada, trade organization for the dairy industry, is supporting the June promotion as never before which means that a large proportion of the processors, manufacturers and distributors of dairy foods will be doing an outstanding job of promoting dairy foods.

If one accepts the idea that it is necessary to promote an industry and its products then the job which has been done by Dairy Farmers of Canada over the years in building support for dairy promotions looms large indeed. It looms so large, in fact, that there is no national food merchandiser in Canada who would not give a great deal to have the kind of store and other support being afforded dairy foods during this and other promotion months. For the producers who co-operate in the June Advertising Set-Aside of a cent-a-pound on butterfat during the month of June, it amounts to about 30 cents per cow per year to support a program which is having a strong positive influence on the sale of dairy foods in Canada.

Minister's Statement

Statement by the Hon. Douglas S. Harkness re Hog Price Support on Orders of the Day, House of Commons, Monday, March 23, 1959.

The Agricultural Stabilization Act provides for the announcement of support prices on an annual basis. The existing support price for hogs expires at the end of March. Therefore, I am now announcing that the existing price of \$25.00 per 100 pounds, basis Toronto and Montreal, warm dressed weight, for A grade carcasses, with appropriate prices for other markets, will continue in effect until September 30th. For the period October 1, 1959, to March 31, 1960, the Support price will be at the mandatory level, which is 80 per cent of the 10-year average or \$23.65 per 100 pounds, basis Toronto and Montreal.

As is well known, hog marketings in 1958, and more particularly during the last quarter of 1958 and in 1959 to date, have been running at unusually high levels. This had resulted in hog prices over the past six months remaining at or close to the support level. It has also resulted in a considerable accumulation of pork products by the Stabilization Board.

There is good reason to believe that one of the important factors behind the increased production of hogs is the development of so-called vertical integration, financed or sponsored in one way or another by large commercial organizations.

The assured price under the existing stabilization program appears to have been an important factor in the greatly accelerated production under this type of operation. I have, therefore, directed the Stabilization Board and officers of the Department to actively explore the method of providing price support for hogs by means of a payment to producers, commonly described as a deficiency payment, rather than by an undertaking to purchase product. Under this alternative method, the price of hogs would not be supported in the market but producers would be paid the difference between the actual average price received and the prescribed support price. This method would make it possible to withhold payment from commercial organizations operating under the so-called vertical integration plan and to limit payments to any individual to a specific number of hogs delivered.

I am sure that all who have knowledge of hog production and marketing procedures will agree, that before radical changes are made, an administratively sound plan must be developed. Consequently, I cannot at this moment state when the proposed change can be put into effect. However, I wish to assure the House that every effort will be made to complete the necessary studies and put the alternative plan into effect at the earliest possible date.

* * *

NORTH COUNTRIES IN DEMAND

The supply of North Country Cheviot breeding stock in Ontario will not meet the demand for the coming year. There is only one breeder in the province with a sizable flock and there are about 10 smaller flocks ranging in size from five to 20 head. The smaller flock owners are trying to increase their female holdings.

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Junior Yearling
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Born Jan. 10, 1958

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Yearling Heifers
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Herd

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Visitors Welcomed.

GROUP FARM LABOUR IN NEW ZEALAND

Ian Beattie, Scientific Secretary to Britain's Pig Industry Development Authority commented in a recent BBC General Overseas Service broadcast on the Group Farm Labour system which he saw in operation when he visited New Zealand not long ago. Under this system groups of farmers provide pools of labor on which their members may draw at need. In New Zealand, Beattie said, one man could cope with a hundred acres and seventy dairy cows, compared with the three or four men to thirty-five cows that would be found in Britain. But if the farmer on a one-man farm fell ill there was no one to carry out the day's duties; and there was little spare time to attend to such maintenance needs as fencing and ditching. The fact that some farms could conveniently employ more than one man but less than two, created another problem in a country where there was no permanent casual labour force in rural areas.

Ian Beattie mentioned one actual example of the scheme where twenty-four co-operating farmers employed, between them, two men who were provided with good houses and received wages somewhat higher than the usual for farm labour. "They deserve their higher wages", he said, "for they are, of necessity, intelligent, versatile, and very reliable workers." The houses were built by a state lending organisation under special arrangements, and the labour available is distributed by informal discussions between members and the organising secretary, who is actually one of the farmers. This system replaced an original one which distributed the labour in fortnightly periods which were allocated by ballot. It was found that no sooner had the rota of work been drawn up than it was altered by informal discussions between the farmers themselves to their mutual advantage.

All employees under the scheme are guaranteed at least forty-five hours per week at a fixed hour rate, with a free house and a travelling allowance, since they run their own vehicles. Farmers receive a bill from the organising secretary charging some 16 per cent more than the cost of the labour provided, the surcharge being used to cover the costs of operating the scheme, the largest amount going in house

rent. A farmer who was sick, said Beattie, had absolute priority to call upon the scheme's employees until he had had time to make some other arrangement, and there was no doubt that this was the most valuable feature of the scheme in the minds of its participants.

BEST WAY TO STOP ANEMIA IN BABY PIGS

Remember when farmers with winter farrowing sows did this every fall: cut sods, stored them so they wouldn't freeze, sprayed them with iron sulfate and fed the sods daily throughout the winter?

Sounds like a lot of work when you look back, but in those days that was the only way we could stop baby pig anemia during cold weather. The job became easier when iron sulfate pastes came along, but it still meant that a farmer had to catch and dose every pig once or twice a week until weaning. This takes time, and because only about 20% of the iron in the mouth preparation is absorbed, mightn't always fill the need. Only limited amounts can be fed through the mouth, otherwise inflammation and enteritis might set in.

Scientists now have produced an injectable iron-dextran compound which can be injected into the pig's thigh muscle twice — when the pig is 3 days old and again when 3 weeks old. Since about 90% of the iron in the injection is absorbed, it offers the best anemia safeguard yet — with little time and trouble involved.

"Injectable iron-dextran compounds are good," says extension veterinarian Dr. Howard Neely of the Ontario Veterinary College, "but don't overdose — follow the directions on the container!" He adds: "You should still keep your eye on young pigs that are slow to creep feed (aren't getting iron through feed) and those showing signs of listlessness, paleness, and straight tails. Injections aren't a positive prevention, and anemia might appear even in correctly treated animals. In these cases, it's wise to call in your veterinarian."

The new injectable iron compounds are more expensive than the iron mouth pastes and a farmer should weigh the extra cost of the injections against the time saved and better anemia control.

LIQUID FERTILIZER AS GOOD AS DRY!

A relatively new kind of plant food — liquid fertilizer sold by the ton (not by the gallon) — proved as good as the dry product in recent tests at the Ontario Agricultural College.

Soil scientist, Dr. J. W. Ketcheson found no difference in comparisons between pumped-in liquid fertilizer and dry fertilizer that was drilled with the seed. In one comparison, 200 pounds per acre of 5-10-10 liquid fertilizer was applied with the seed of Clinton oats, and 200 pounds of a dry 5-10-10 fertilizer was drilled in the usual way. "The same yield of oats was produced", notes Dr. Ketcheson. "An increase of seven bushels of oats resulted from the dry fertilizer and from the liquid fertilizer treatment on adjacent plots."

"Liquid fertilizer has one advantage over dry fertilizer in that the liquid can be pumped — there are no bags of fertilizer to handle", he adds. "On the other hand, tanks and pumps are needed to handle liquid fertilizer, while dry fertilizer can be used with an ordinary fertilizer drill."

Some farmers pump the liquid into the soil through weed spraying equipment mounted on the corn planter. Others buy special bulk tanks, run tubes down by the shoe of their corn planter, and inject the liquid that way.

Dr. Ketcheson stresses that farmers who live in areas serviced by bulk liquid fertilizer should consider the cost per ton before buying liquids. "Take into account transportation costs, application costs, and price per pound of active plant food. A 5-10-10 liquid fertilizer, for example, contains 5 pounds of available nitrogen (N), 10 pounds of available phosphorus (P_2O_5) and 10 pounds of available potassium (K_2O) per 100 pounds of liquid. That's the same amount of plant food per 100 pounds of 5-10-10 dry fertilizer."

Hostess: "I have a lonesome bachelor I'd like you girls to meet."

Athletic girl: "What can he do?"

Chorus girl: "How much money does he have?"

Society girl: "Who is his family?"

Religious girl: "To what church does he belong?"

Secretary: "Where is he?"

A Rhodesian Home

by

Hylde Richards

Courtesy "Home and Country", the Women's Institute Magazine of Southern Rhodesia.

The charm of a Rhodesian rural home is that it is a real home where the family may live under much the same conditions as existed in a less hurried, more gracious age; where the woman, although she is always busy, yet has time for the little extras that make a home something more than a home.

This is only possible because she has the great benefit of employing native servants who, by doing the rough work, give her the chance of living at a higher standard than her sisters in servantless countries. It must be born in mind, however, that Rhodesia is a semi-tropical country and that a white woman cannot work as hard or for long hours, as she could in a cooler climate.

Like many Rhodesian couples, we made our own home. In 1929 we found ourselves in an old mud hut in the middle of a large stretch of untouched veld. As we had already been in the country for a year, we had collected a little furniture. This consisted of four iron beds, one table, four chairs, and a chest of drawers. All the rest we had made out of packing-cases and petrol-boxes.

As we arrived in July, we could only expect four months before the rains broke, and already knew what a wet season was like. We therefore had to provide watertight protection for ourselves, our two children and all our possessions.

Then . . .

The problems of burning the

high grass, stumping the thick trees and ploughing the land, were my husband's. His, too, was the finding of suitable soil by a spruit with which to mix, dry, stack and burn the bricks for our house. My problems were to provide safe drinking water from a stagnant pool, and to keep our food from the invasion of the myriads of insects of endless varieties, which greeted our arrival with the greatest interest. I had to manage with a home-made safe hanging from a tree, my baking was done in a cook-pot placed in a hole in the ground and my kettles and pots straddled large stones.

The greatest anxiety was for our two little boys and the dangers of the veld-snakes, scorpions, poisonous spiders, leopards, fires and floors. These dangers were more to be feared in those days because there was no hope of medical aid. There was also the danger of bilharzia for little boys who would paddle in the streams and of hookworm entering the soles of the feet of little boys who would take their shoes off.

We made the bricks, dug a well near the house-site, and, with the water and mud, we made mortar for the building and plastering. This is very strong and takes distemper well. When too active guests knock pieces out, I mend them easily with distemper and plaster of paris. The roof was of corrugated iron and of course we had no ceilings. It only leaked at the joints, but, unfortunately, when the rain fell heavily it slashed in sheets through the wire netting in front and over the walls of the back which were quite open. We made the mistake of building the rooms too small and so, through the years, as well as building on

where we could, we have thrown one room into another by making archways. In fact the house might well be called "The Arches of the Years".

The kitchen was for many years a hovel, because my husband had grown so tired of bricklaying that he put the iron roof on when it cleared his head. This made the kitchen so hot that I always had to wear a hat or suffer a bilious attack.

. . . and Now

But this is a description of MY HOME as it is. My home is now a rabbit-warren but it is very comfortable. The floors are of cement which we have painted and polished. In summer we find them delightfully cool and in cold weather we enjoy carpets in the inner sitting-room and bedrooms. We also have one large fireplace which we use when it is very cold or wet, for wood is plentiful.

Wooden ceilings were one of our first improvements but they are not very good. The planks were thrown out of the train on to the railside and by the time we had carted them home most of the lips had split off and they were badly warped. For years we used a tin bath, into which the natives tipped hot water and carted it away again for the garden. Now we have bathrooms with porcelain baths. But I still collect the waste water in a cement tank for the garden.

We used to have a Picannin Kaia (lavatory) up the garden path, a splintery seat perched on a very deep hole but now of course we have indoor sanitation and a septic tank.

The new kitchen is beautiful, light and airy and, as we have electricity from the main, it is as good as a modern town kitchen. I do not have an electric stove because my cook-boy would ruin it and also because, with electricity

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cuts and faults, the wood fire is more reliable. I have an electric toaster, but the cook prefers to squat over the fire and, if I insisted that the toaster should be used, he would see to it that the toast was uneatable. My old house-boy enjoys the electric iron and the kettle but he was very suspicious over the electric washer. Now he has become used to it he likes it, because he is getting very old.

Furniture

For many years we made do with our few pieces of furniture and the petrol-box cupboards and chairs. These looked very nice as long as I restrained them and kept the cretonne curtains clean. We always had a few "treasures," one or two good pictures, brass candlesticks, some good china and silver. These were the dominating features and round them the rooms have been furnished.

We could not afford and never wished to have suites of furniture. Instead we have gradually collected cheaply, good but battered pieces from sales. We found that town people, as a rule, prefer a common piece of furniture in good repair than something that looks shabby and needs attention. We, especially my elder son, always loved these things and have experienced joy in repairing and attending to the wounds of lovely old things and they have repaid us. As we got on in life we were able to buy one or two good antiques and then, as the old parents died, we inherited

their treasures from England and they have fallen into careful and loving hands. For utility furniture, we have bought, or had made to our own design, furniture native-made of local wood. We have oiled these pieces and polished them until they look really good, far better than the same thing painted with shellac.

Everywhere there are books, for being cut off from the town cultural interests, we have had to make our own. Then we have a piano, a radiogram with good records for quiet hours and lively ones for when we need cheering up, and I have my looms, for I prefer weaving to knitting.

Gardening

One of our early improvements was to build a large verandah in front of the red-brick house, of granite quarried from the many kojies on the farm. On this verandah I keep tins of plants. I find the many coloured geraniums are some of the easiest and best-tempered flowers. We have beautiful hydrangeas also, and ferns, and any plant that has a coloured or variegated leaf. These look lovely with the early morning sun shining on them.

From the verandah we can see five ranges of mountains, one behind the other, and sometimes we cannot distinguish between mountain and sky.

The garden, I suppose, is not really a garden, for it made itself and is full of flowering shrubs. Footpaths from each of the many farmbuildings to the house decided its shape, and the outcrops of granite rocks make a natural rock-garden, which we help by clearing away some of the most wilful creepers and planting any succulent we find in the veld. We planted some jacaranda and bauhinia trees and these have seeded themselves in surprising places, and we have made some flower beds among the rocks.

At first we scraped the sand clear of grass but found that the broad pathways became eroded and so now we let the grass grow where it likes and keep it mown. In the veld we find slabs of stone which have been used in bygone days by the natives to pound their meal. We put these up as bird-baths under the trees.

We love birds and they know they are safe because we chose them instead of cats. We realized that we could not have cats and birds. Cats are now the utility cats

living in the barns and stores and keeping down the rats, and our little birds bathe happily. We love to see the flashes of red, yellow, blue and green as they sweep in and out of the veranda before they settle in the water and wallow. Then we also see the tiny honey-birds sipping the honey from the flowers.

The children, when small, played on the grass under the trees or in the freshly washed sand. As they grew older they roamed further, climbed kopjes, found caves and only came home for meals and sleep. Later still, we made them a tennis-court out of sand and antheap, and we bought them horses to ride. They had a very happy childhood.

And that is all, I think, but I will look at the instruction sheet. "This is not a questionnaire only a guide. Your kitchen. . . has it built-in cupboards?"

This strikes home. I, like all the women of my generation, have always longed for built-in cupboards and never had them. The reason is that white labour for home-carpentry is out of the question. A very few women have managed to coax their husbands into making them, but the majority of farmers find work enough for hammer and saw on the farm.

This brings me to the new settlers, who have poured into this country since the war. Most of the women refuse to live in the rural areas until their houses have been made as good as any town house. Electricity, water-sanitation, ceilings under tiled roofs, parquet flooring and built-in cupboards, are necessities. It is a good idea, of course, to refuse to start without these things, for it is the only way of getting them; but I am glad to say there are many young settlers and new-generation-Rhodesians who are content to go into the rural districts and build their own houses and make their own homes. They are wise, for they alone will know the deep and lasting joy of real home-making.

Whether a man winds up with a nest egg or a goose egg depends somewhat on the chick he married.

* * *

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The Country Lane

SYMPATHY FOR A BAD PAINTER

by

Miriam Waddington.

These were her dreams: fathers brave on horseback,
Herself a princess, moated castle walls,
A sleeping dragon sealed in medieval black,
Crowns and sunlight, knights from far afield.

This was real: a sexless husband, not too rich,
Wine for occasions, blanched almonds in a bowl,
Exotic pineapple which spurred her itch
To paint the coppery fruit and tint the gourd.

Consider this a romance, yet if the tale
Moves not in proportion to enormous dream,
We cannot blame the artist for distorting scale
Or loose from knotted ore an amethyst.

If her jewels are never quite submitted
To the control of colour, where should we turn?
There is an area in her soul, clear, undisputed,
And this tormented part she gives us whole.

So when you see her work in painful exhibition
Of hackneyed theme and symbol, viewer look
Into that living window, read contrition
And take its message with you when you go.

PERFORMANCE

(From the Christian Science Monitor")

Careful, moon,
Chinning yourself above the
Horizon . . .

Inch, inch up
Smoothly. Have care lest the last
Hills topple.

Clear now—ho!
Of zenith.

BURNHAM EATON.

AS MANY MEN — SO MANY WAYS

"I think that it is a complete fallacy to suppose that there is a way of doing Shakespeare; even to suppose that Shakespeare himself knew precisely what he meant. No artist does. No work of art worth its salt is entirely conscious. What makes a classic a classic nearly always creeps in over and above the author's literal and conscious intention; and every production of any play — be it a masterpiece or an ephemeral little comedy — must be a comment upon the work".

Shakespeare director,
Tyrone Guthrie



SATURDAY'S CHILD

by

Philene Hammer

Johnny's healthy; Johnny's clever;
Johnny's nine, but Johnny never
Sailed a kite or trailed a lark
Or caught a catfish in the park.

Springs will come and springs will go;
Veni, vidi, video—
And Mighty Mouse there on the floor
Will never know what spring is for.

YET WORDS ARE FLOWER AND LEAF

Not a bird will shorten his song,
Not a hyla be still
because of any sorrow
or mortal ill.

Expect no pity from bud
or opening leaf;
the rains have no business with men
or man's long grief.

Yet words are flower and leaf,
hyla and bird
and the heart shall know relief
at the touch of a word.

— By Elizabeth Coatsworth Beston

NEWS ITEM

SCIENCE NOW REVEALS "BUSY BEE" REALLY LAZY

by John Mortimer.

How doth the little lazy bee
Maintain his reputation
For being hard at work when he
Is really on vacation?

At most he works four times a day,
Each lasting half an hour;
Meanwhile he sleeps his life away,
Forgetting field and flower.

This lesson learn, all who would shirk,
Your reputation keeping:
Make lots of noise each time you work
And hide when you are sleeping.

Stranger in the Wilderness

He who would find love must first find courage

By Murray Weal

PEARL found the man just where Job had said. Down on the bluff. He was in hunter's togs, 25 perhaps, a gun in the droop of his arm. He didn't have the catalog kind of face at all: interesting if you liked the man, Pearl guessed, homely if you didn't. But the eyes were all right anyway you looked at them. Blue with a glint that didn't go with the gun at all.

She said "Job sent me down here to see if you'd mind shooting a dog for us."

The man didn't answer right away. He leaned easily against a tall stump and looked at her with such an undisguised interest that a burn flamed into her cheeks. She wished that her skirt wasn't so short, her sweater not so tight. "What's the matter with the dog?" he asked.

"Job says we don't need him."

The man kept looking. Why hadn't she put on stockings today?

"Who's this guy Job?"

"He's my father. That is — "

She had dodged and dreaded that question ever since she could remember, but here was a man who would probably find out anyhow so she might as well tell him. "Job sort of raised us," she said. "Job and Else."

"Who's us?"

Pearl wanted to tell him to mind his own business. She felt like going home. But she didn't. That was the one big thing wrong with Pearl, what kept her boiling so much of the time. Having a lot of impulses and never the nerve to do anything about them. That's what Tats told her anyhow.

"I have a sister." No use telling him that they called her Tats or she'd have to explain the name too.

"Good looking as you?"

"You wouldn't be interested. She's only 15." Pearl turned to go home and he jumped up.

"I didn't mean to be rude sis. Just trying to get acquainted. Legitimate?"

If it hadn't been for the disarmament in his eyes she wouldn't have stayed. The superiority of the man was galling. Made you feel like a



mouse under the paw of a playfully confident cat. "You like to play at teasing girls?" she asked.

"Sometimes. A guy can get to know a woman better when she's a little sore." He laughed and slid his back down the stump till he sat. "What do you aim to be when you grow up?"

When she was grown up! She was nineteen! She thought her answer would be exactly right. "I'm going to be an old maid," she said. "An old-maid school-teacher."

I am too, she thought bitterly. Another of Job's big investments. And another of Else's Christian duties fulfilled . . . Job and Else . . . Business and duty . . . For the moment the anger of her thinking almost made her forget the man.

The man said "Tell me the truth now."

"I told you the truth."

"You aren't the old-maid kind."

He pulled out a pipe and began to fill it from a can with an English label. His movements were slow, deliberate, precise. The smoke was fragrant in a leathery sort of way and the masculinity of it aroused something inside that she fought instinctively. She didn't know much about men. Job and Else had seen to that. They'd have a conniption if they could see her now. Sometimes Else used to lecture Tats and her by the hour about men . . . Well, maybe it wasn't all business and duty at that. A man was a brute sitting in front of her for instance — how many other girls had he approached in the same bold fashion? The taste of the thought was stangely acid.

HE POINTED his pipe at her. "I haven't got you figured out quite."

"Well now!"

"Tell me, which do you prefer, tradition or honesty?"

She decided to hedge. Maybe it was a trap. "What's the difference?"

His eyes were so searching she couldn't look back. She watched the blue smoke leaking out of the wrong end of his pipe. "Lot of folks let tradition make them lie, put up a front, pretend things," he said. "Take you and I now. We want to get acquainted. Both of us. Only your tradition and modesty won't let you admit the truth. Makes you act a lie."

"Aren't you just a trifle conceited now?"

"Why couldn't we both be honest for once? The great outdoors is

no place for pretense anyhow. I'll start." He reached for her hand to pull her down beside him but she stood her ground. "I'm Del Fuller," he said. "I'm not married. I like pine smell and woodpeckers in the morning and, he swept his pipe in a wide arc, "and uncramped landscape." He looked up hopefully. "What do you like, sis?"

"I'd like to know if you're coming up to oblige Job about the dog."

"Do you want me to shoot the dog?"

"No, it's not my idea. I like the dog." She didn't tell him about the way Tats had felt about it of course. Job had first asked Tats to come down here on this errand and when she had refused and called him a mean old brute Else had sent her upstairs without her supper.

Pearl wished that she could show a little of the same fire sometimes instead of just letting it smoulder away inside.

JULY 1st. 1959 DEADLINE ADVERTISING

The man named Del Fuller seemed puzzled. "Tell Job I'll be up soon as it's dark. I wasn't going back to camp till late anyhow. I thought this bluff would be a good place to watch the eclipse tonight. Eclipse of the moon at eight you know." His thoughts broke abruptly. "Say! Why don't you see it with me? I've got a little telescope, see? . . . Would you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"You don't know Job. And you don't know me."

"That's just the reason!" He pointed his pipe at her. "Now there's your twisted old tradition again. Ruining what might be the only chance we'll ever have to get acquainted. Just because tradition says you should have known my family, or have met me at the Sunday School picnic or something like that, and instead here I am just a stranger in the wilderness. It's a shame really, isn't it? I think I could like you a great deal."

"Don't be foolish! Ten minutes and you know so much! I thought man was a reasonable animal!"

"But love is like that," he explained. "Love is like music. No reason to it. It just clicks inside

you or it doesn't and you never know why. Can you tell me why one pair of piano keys please your ear and another pair makes you grit your teeth? . . . I think we could click, that's all. I think we owe it to ourselves to find out anyhow. Now how about the eclipse?"

She swung her toe at a daisy, thinking of Job. She said "I've got to go now."

He got up and followed her.

"Maybe. Only I'm afraid you tween now and when I come."

"Maybe. Only I'm afraid you don't understand." And when she saw that he was going to make her explain she broke away and ran.

Job met her. He nearly filled the door. Sometimes when Job was mad enough and you were mad enough too, you could very well imagine him a red-skinned gorilla. But when he wasn't exactly mad, when he was only in his ordinary sour efficient mood, the face at least, wasn't gorilla at all. It was the cold calculating face of a little Caesar.

"What kept you so long?"

"I — I had to look for him a bit."

Job let her through. "We're sorting potatoes," he said. "Get a move on and help us. We're in a rush."

Else echoed him from the stinking steam of the sink. "Yes yes," she urged. "Come come. We're in a rush."

But Tats wasn't sorting potatoes. She was still upstairs. "Told them I couldn't work on an empty stomach," she laughed.

Pearl stiffened a little. "Tats! He'll be furious! You can't go on defying him like that. You don't know what he might do!"

Tats ran her hands back through her hair and her dark eyes flashed. "Aw, why spoil your life being afraid? The worst Job could do wouldn't be as bad as worrying about it all the time."

She's so right! Pearl thought. Why can't I be that way too?

"I met the strangest man today," Pearl began.

Tats was all ears. "That hunter?"

Pearl nodded, looked in the mirror. "He's coming up tonight."

Tat's face darkened. "But I don't think he's the kind of man who would shoot a dog," Pearl said quickly. "Not if I didn't want him to anyhow." She looked down at her fingernails. "He wants me to go out with him tonight. See the eclipse through his telescope."

Tats was on the edge of the
(Continued from page 29)



The Better Impulse

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE
WOMEN'S INSTITUTES OF QUEBEC



OFFICE HAPPENINGS

THE Editor suggests: If you have a project or an event in your monthly reports that would interest other women readers besides WI members, write it up as a paragraph or two by itself. For example, one branch mentioned having a sleigh ride for 83 people. These days a sleigh ride of that side would make a story by itself.

The Editor (and I) would also like to know how you like the Journal. Would you please write and tell us what you read, what annoys you, what you enjoy etc.

Our bicycle safety award mentioned before has received considerable notice. It was sent out from the office as press releases — you likely saw it in your newspaper or heard it on the radio. From there it got into the last issue of the Countrywoman. It was also sent to Mrs. Wilson, our National Publicity Convenor, and she writes that she read it proudly at the National Convention of the Safety League of Canada in Toronto at which she was a delegate.

In another column you will see a letter from one of the members who is here at present taking the Leadership Course. She will give her impressions. Let us hope they are good ones.

Applications are coming in for the Convention. We hope to see a record attendance. Don't forget our National President, Mrs. Rand, will be here on the Thursday. And please send us lots of entries for the Handicrafts Exhibit so we can put on a specially good showing for her.

See you soon.

OUR FIRST LEADERSHIP COURSE

We have come a long way and in such a short time have learned a great deal. We have met very interesting and enthusiastic people from various sections of the Province.

The courses were very appealing and also proved beneficial to all.



Executive of the Chateauguay-Huntingdon W.I. taken at the May 1st Convention at Howick United Church. Left to right, Mrs. Reddick, 1st Vice President; Mrs. Merlin, Treasurer; Mrs. W. Rember, Past President; Mrs. Palmer, President.



Group picture taken at the recent Chateauguay-Huntingdon Women's Institute at Howick.

We hope that all branches of the Women's Institute will take the opportunities to benefit by these courses that are at their disposal. They are given by very efficient technicians, who are ever so eager to teach us the fine handicrafts in which they specialize.

We look forward with great anticipation to another Leadership Course and we wish to thank anyone who has made it possible for us to attend this course.

(Signed)

Mrs. Gerald McNamara
Mrs. J. P. Robitaille

To a woman the perfect husband is one who thinks he has a perfect wife.

* * *

Don't you know, young lady," said the irate policeman, "that two-piece bathing suits are not allowed on this beach?"

"All right, officer," replied the well-built miss, "which piece would you like me to remove?"

How I Can Train My Child To Be A Citizen Of The World

Mrs. Douglas M. Laurie,
Hemmingford

A CITIZEN of the world. Oh, if only this wonderful world of ours were the only consideration! No outer space travel with huge masses of metal, no nuclear weapons, or attempts to occupy the moon to bother us. I believe the universe should be left as the Almighty made it. If the world were too small for the inhabitants and people were being squeezed out, then there might be an excuse for claiming new planets. This world needs citizens who will expend their energy in making it a better place in which to live, so I would endeavor to train my child in this way.

My child would need to be trained in principles of decent living so that he would never violate these principles. I would need patience and understanding from the beginning to undertake this training. I would choose to bring him up in the country where calm and gracious things would add to his stature. Trees with their gentleness and all growing things would keep him humble and rouse in him thoughts of the greatness of the Universe. He would learn the source of all benefits and be thankful for his blessings in a land of plenty.

By giving him love and a sense of security along with discipline, my training would enable him to keep his emotional balance. He must learn that he is not always right and know that he must, or must not, do certain things. A youngster finds it a relief to have these things made clear.

No nation is a happy or peaceable one if health is poor or good food is a scarcity. Health would be highly important in my child's training. He would learn and follow health rules so that he could help others. I would put into effect my knowledge of food elements vitamins, proteins and minerals, and give him food rich in these. Thus I would build physical fitness and mental health in him.

My child would learn that all prayers are not answered approximately. "Thy will be done" would mean to him that God answers requests which are good for the recipient. Many disappointments will occur in his life, but he must learn that "all things work together for good".

I can show him that a sense of humour can be a saving grace. I would tell him jokes and riddles. Funny things in the news and in the daily happenings can be found. If he did not laugh heartily at least once a day, I would feel as though he were being cheated or ill. Laughter shakes selfishness and bad thoughts out of the body. I would help him, especially to laugh at himself.

Selfishness is at the root of much of the trouble in the world. I would teach him to respect the possessions of others and be generous with his own. "Do not covet" is one of the most important commandments. The trouble with nations is that they want superiority, or they want what another nation has or better. I would try to teach my child not to covet.

It would be my job to have my child interested in the activities of a group of Scouts or Guides. This would teach him to get along with those of his own age. Also, rules for Scouts are based on those which make good leaders. Courage and cooperation would then be installed into him. I would have him pull his weight and try to make life in general fun. If a day or a party be dull in his estimation, I would have consider how he might have brought that about and not blame someone else.

For the sake of his contentment of mind, I would see that my child use his hands for some craft or other. This would teach him the value of industry and keep him out of mischief.

I would teach him that there is power in thought. Whatever he says or does should express hope, courage or success. For instance — to think that all will be well, and he will be successful. There is a tremendous force for good in such thoughts. I would encourage him to have the courage of his own opinions and not be afraid to voice them.

I would teach him past history and especially histories of nations. Help him to understand other countries, their ways and their religions. No matter what the faith, there is in it something of good to be learned. Impress upon him that conduct rather than wisdom counts in the long run. I would hope that

he could keep faith in himself so that he would never feel inferior or look for criticism or slight from others.

As a parent, I would change with the times and change with him as he grows. I would never be too hurried to listen to his problems.

Good books would be available to him. I would endeavour to have him journey round the earth in books. This reading would educate and make him rich forever. I would never insist on my idea for his future, if he wished otherwise. His capacity for greatness or failure, as a citizen of the world, might depend on this vocation he had in mind.

I would have him remember that "Our deeds travel with us from afar. What we have been makes us what we are", and, also, that great men have listened to this advice, "Go into the darkness, put your hand into the hand of God, this is far safer than a light".



Mrs. C. Wood, who sang the new theme song at the Howick Convention. The song was composed for the Jubilee Program and won 2nd prize in a provincial competition.

Holiday Hints

Before setting out for a long trip or vacation, it is as well to have the driver checked up, as well as the car. If new eyeglasses are necessary, they should be obtained — impaired vision often causes accidents.

* * *

Fly repellents will help to keep stinging and biting flies from making the vacation in the country miserable. Fly sprays used generously around the cottage will deter houseflies and other nuisances from entering and breeding in the rooms.

* * *

Children are always problems. If they are badly behaved they can be troublesome to family and neighborhood; if they are too quiet and good, parents worry about that. A series of folders prepared by authorities in the field is available free of charge from local or provincial health departments under the title Child Training series.

* * *

When staying at the summer cottage, it is wise to know that in case of fire, the family could escape safely. Furniture in rooms should be arranged so that there is no obstruction. Valuables should be kept in a safe but handy place so that they can be picked up quickly. A fire extinguisher and several large packages of baking soda should be kept near stoves to be thrown on flames.

* * *

The burning rash of poison ivy could spoil the vacation. Everyone should learn to recognize the plant and then avoid it. In the event of contact with the plant, the skin should be washed with suds of strong household soap.

* * *

Children need more sleep than adults. From one to two years, fourteen hours is necessary; from two to three, about thirteen hours; this can be decreased to an average of eleven hours for those from four to six.

* * *

If there is no electricity at the summer cottage and heating and light must be obtained from coal oil, it is wise to ensure that the storage of fuel oil is safely arranged. A cool shady place outdoors away from the cottage is best for storage of the bulk of the oil.



Mrs. Bronson and Mrs. Findlay, President and Secretary of the Pontiac County W.I., taken at their recent convention.



Group picture taken of the Pontiac W.I. at their recent annual meeting in Quyon.

In summer resorts and camps it is often impossible to obtain pasteurized milk. Since raw milk may carry the germs of undulant fever and other serious diseases, raw milk should be rendered safe by heating it to simmering temperature in a saucepan over direct heat. Heat it at that temperature for one half minute and then cool quickly.

* * *

Oily rags and mops stored in a closed place may cause a fire by spontaneous combustion. It is safer to store such articles out of doors, and to wash them after each use, if possible.

When you make the first trip up to the summer cottage, be sure to check the beach for broken glass; examine the favorite diving place for hazards such as rocks, logs and other obstacles brought down by winter ice. Silt deposits by spring floods may have raised the lake floor to a dangerous shallowness.

* * *

RECORD GROWTH

"Seal milk is rich — 50 percent fat — and young seal calves quickly put on an enormous amount of weight. One recently gained more than 80 pounds in 17 days."

HOT ON THE TRAIL

WE'RE all very fond of Cindy and there are lamentations when she has to go away twice a year to kennels. It's I who have always insisted on the banishment, knowing it's the only safeguard against a lot of little unwanted spaniels when you've got a family who are incapable of shutting a door.

But this time I weakened. The idea of not having to write another cheque attracted me enormously after the shock of school bills. And then the firmest of firm oaths the family made to shut doors, combined with my own silly affection for the animal, finally achieved the repeal of her three-week sentence.

It took one weekend to regret undeniably the folly of my decision.

As a matter of fact, nothing nor nobody could have got me to weaken had I known the unabashed pertinacity of her most ardent suitor. One, Othello, a black spaniel given to the proprietor of The Kings Head by a Colonel So-and-so because it wouldn't retrieve. Othello was black as night, powerful and known by his master and friends as Ot.

Ot was the father of Cindy's last litter so one couldn't help but reluctantly commend such faithfulness in any creature as fickle as all big black spaniels are intended by nature to be.

Towards the end of the weekend Ot and I were about equal where outwitting each other was concerned. By Monday, he had won his round, with me driving to the kennels muttering infuriated never-agains under my breath, with the object of my wrath in the back of the car with a silly smile on her face.

It'll all be quite simple I had said to myself and the family, as long as everyone keeps all the doors shut. If you want to keep Cindy here you've just all got to co-operate. "Yes, yes, of course," they said with the look which means how you do go on so.

But long years of leaving doors on the jar had left its mark in spite of their good intentions. And so, this weekend they left behind them, as usual, a trail of half-opened doors—car, stable, barn, wherever they went.

Ot, like all cunning types with an eye to the main chance, in this case our Cindy, was quick to size up who were his allies and who his oppon-



You may go to no end of trouble to make a dog seem human, and sometimes you may even be led to think that you have succeeded. But you'll change your mind when your pet decides it is time for romance.

ents. When he saw me coming he'd bolt but he trailed round after the boys for a chance to get his paw inside the first door they left open.

After a series of nick-of-time rescues I decided the only safe place was the car. Ot realising that his hopes were momentarily dashed curled up in the yard alongside the car and went to sleep.

Whether to protect his beloved from other interested parties or to be on the spot should some other clot leave the car door open I wasn't sure, until a friend of mine walked into the house holding on to the back of her skirt with an agonised look on her face. I thought she'd broken a zip or something until she said in an extremely cross voice, "Where the heck did you pick up that beastly black dog?"

Ot had obviously marked her down as another woman out to frustrate his love life and had given her a god nip for her pains.

I made her a cup of coffee and let her go on with her "the-trouble-with-you's", "why-don't-you's" and "if-I-was-you's" until I felt she'd worked off her resentment and we were friendly again.

Ot was beginning to get me down. The only solution of letting poor Cindy out seemed to be to get somewhere where Ot couldn't follow. I decided to do my shopping and come back via the common.

"Ha, ha," I said out loud to Ot, as I put on my coat, "foiled again, my boy." But unfortunately, when I opened the car door to put my shopping basket on the back seat, Ot jumped in, too. With shrieks of "Get out. Ot" to the world at large, I flung him from the car by the scruff of the neck with the sort of superhuman strength one acquires in these situations.

The town seemed very peaceful

(Continued on page 30)

The Month With The W.I.

SPRING meetings are the theme of this report with roll calls, talks, etc., along with plans being made for the summer months. Many of the members would be interested to know how well the First Covers project progressed. It was expected that 1,000 of these would be sold, but about 10,000 were ordered — you can well imagine the flurry at the F.W.I.C. Office in Ottawa. This is not an official count but just an idea of the amount purchased by our members and their friends in Canada. It just goes to show that when a project is well publicized *we can* put it over.

ARGENTEUIL:

ARUNDEL entertained the County President who conducted the installation of officers. BROWNSBURG heard a talk about a visit to Scotland. This branch plans to continue their loan to a graduating student. DALESVILLE heard a talk by their citizenship convenor on how to be a good citizen. FRONTIER have a sale table at each meeting; several members read a news item of special interest. JERUSALEM-BETHANY heard a talk on a visit to South Africa by members. Several members offered to entertain exchange students for a weekend this summer. LACHUTE heard a book review by a librarian from Montreal; are operating a W. I. Library at Lachute High School. MORIN HEIGHTS heard a talk on conservation of woodlots; slips and plants were sold. PIONEER had as a guest the county President who spoke on W.I. affairs and her forthcoming visit to the A.C.W.W. Conference in Scotland; had a rummage sale. UPPER LACHUTE-EAST END heard a talk on conservation; exchanged slips and bulbs.

BROME:

ABERCORN received remnants from Eaton's and Esmond Mills'; exchanged slips and plants. AUSTIN sent flowers to two friends in hospital; gave a sunshine box to an elderly couple who is ill; exchanged plants and slips. SOUTH BOLTON ordered teaspoons for club room; card shower for W.I. and cup and saucer shower for club room held.

COMPTON:

BROOKBURY sent \$2 to Salvation Army; gave \$10 to a Benefit Fund; saw slides; made final plans for installing sink and water in W.I. Hall. BURY heard articles on Berlin, How to Grow Begonias from Bulbs, and Hints on Removing stains from linens; heard resume of early education in Bury taken from old school board minute books; donated \$25 to Local Student Loan fund; \$11 to School Prize lists; \$2 towards prizes for public speaking in Grades VI and VII in local school; made 200 cancer bed pads during April; brought in articles of clothing for Save the Children Fund; took orders for First day Covers of the A.C.W.W. Stamp. CANTERBURY donated money to buy clothing for Save The Children Fund; donated \$5 to Retarded Children and \$2 to Cancer Society and Red Cross; are sewing for Cecil Memorial Home; made several cancer pads. COOKSHIRE heard talk on Gardening by convenor of agriculture and a talk on Eastern Township Authors; brought in used clothing for Unitarian Service Committee; received material for

cancer dressings; renewed subscriptions for United Nations Association. EAST ANGUS sent congratulations to a couple celebrating their 65th. Wedding Anniversary; sent cotton to Cancer Clinic; sent for seeds to be given to Cookshire School for school fair; plan to place a picnic table on the Angus-Bishopton Road. EAST CLIFTON gave \$5 to Education Bursary; exchanged bulbs and plant slips. Roll call: Name a flower with the same initial as your name. SAWYER-VILLE heard a talk and saw films on Horticulture, the talk given by Mrs. Richardson of the Lennoxville Experimental Farm; had sale of plants and bulbs. SCOTSTOWN gave \$10 to High School for school lunches for needy children; presented Mrs. Wm. Ladd with life membership pin and certificate; made several cancer pads; tea towels, map of Scotland, and Map of New Zealand on display, these received by members from pen pals; had questions and answers on soil conservation; exchanged slips and bulbs.

GATINEAU:

AYLMER EAST heard a talk and saw slides on Germany, France, Spain, and Holland; sent donations to Canadian Institute for the Blind and Aylmer Public School. EARDLEY had a talk on Paper Hazards; Cake Making and Adventure on the Shelf. HURDMAN'S HEIGHTS heard talk on Q.W.I. and on Distribution of seeds for the school fair since this is a new branch. KAZABAZUA heard paper on Women Doctors; collected food and clothing for a family in distress. LOWER EARDLEY heard talks on "Fold Schools in Denmark", "A Cup of Tea", "Hopes of Farm Women and Expressed By Women's Institutes", "What Should Be Known About Use Of Atomic Weapons As Civic Defence", and "The Cost Factors of Animal Medicines". WRIGHT had a demonstration on hemstitching and a twelve question I.Q. Test. Roll Call: How to make a new casserole dish.

HUNTINGDON-CHAT.:

DEWITTVILLE had demonstration on sandwich making; heard report of County Convention. DUNDEE heard talk on citizenship and one on the meaning of symbols on new ACWW stamp; did sewing for Convention Sale Table. FRANKLIN had demonstration on salad making; heard report of County Convention. HEMMINGFORD had a weaving course; had a demonstration on cake decorating; are sewing for Unitarian Service layettes. HUNTINGDON had an interesting discussion on gardening; a quiz on flowers. ORMSTOWN realized \$25. from a food sale; had discussions on growing of tulips, care in the use of cleaning fluids, Muscular Dystrophy, and fifty years in school; reviewed work done by F.W.I.C.

JACQUES CARTIER:

STE ANNE'S had a book sale from which the proceeds went to the educational fund; heard a talk on pruning, watering and seeding.

MEGANTIC:

INVERNESS received prizes for card party; quilted

two quilts; brought in finished articles for sale table; received several donations.

MISSISQUOI:

COWANSVILLE heard report on Semi-annual meeting by Mrs. Crellar; had Consumer's questionnaire on Milk; heard a talk by a member on her trip to Barbados. FORDYCE had Mrs. Crellar as a visitor; visited Granby Zoo; donated \$5 to each of the Student Loan Fund and Cancer Campaign. STANBRIDGE EAST received vegetable seeds for use in local school; are sewing and knitting for Unitarian Relief; DUNHAM sent \$5 to be used for lunches of needy children in local school; entertained Mrs. Crellar.

PAPINEAU:

LOCHABER had Mrs. Harvey and Miss Runnels as guests; brought in hand-made articles which are to be shown at Convention; sent flowers to life member on her 94th. birthday; sent contributions to Orphanage in Korea; presented a silver engraved mug to a member's newborn son.

PONTIAC:

BEECHGROVE made plant for selling a quilt and had a contest on "The Car". BRISTOL had discussions on Fair Exhibits and on Facts, Fingers and Fun; had a talk on Choosing Roses and had a special meeting to discuss repair work on Community Hall. CLARENDON had a discussion on air Display. FORT COULONGE decided on the date for the rug-making course. QUYNON made contributions to the Red Cross and the Agricultural Society; made decision to canvas for the March of Dimes; are offering special prizes to boys and girls between the ages of 12 and 16 and had two short plays read for approval. SHAWVILLE planned a "BLITZ" campaign to raise funds for the C.N.I.B.; also made plans to assist the CNIB with a play. Special guests for this meeting were the Country President and Secretary. WYMAN heard items of interest from convenors; heard illustrated talk on "Flowers For All the Year"; entertained the County Convention; made tentative plans for a May trip. Heard an article on "Overproduction of Farm Products" during the Agriculture Programme.

RICHMOND:

CLEVELAND donated \$10 to the Cancer Society; held a plant and slip sale. DENNISON MILLS plan a flower box contest. This is the third year for this project and has become a community interest. A plant, slip and bulb sale was held. GORE discussed Holiday House questionnaire; donated \$5 to Cancer Society; sold remnants; held a silent food sale; are sending exhibits to the Handicraft Exhibition at Convention. MELBOURNE RIDGE heard an article on the Government donation to FWIC and special W.I. Stamp; sent essay to FWIC Citizenship Competition; distributed seeds for school fair; had a sale of slips and bulbs; catered for the County Annual Meeting; finished layettes and brought in used clothing for Unitarian Relief; sent cards to absent and sick members; welcomed one new member; are planning to give prizes to Richmond Fair. RICHMOND HILL held a slip and seed sale which netted \$7.90. Roll call: Different ways to transplant plants. SHIPTON held two card parties; had a drawing on handworked tablecloth

which netted \$14.50; realized \$4.60 from a mixed auction. WINDSOR brought in used clothing to be sent to Unitarian Relief; had a sale of slips, bulbs and plants.

ROUVILLE:

ABBOTSFORD had a visit from Mrs. Ossington who was guest speaker; had a sale of bulbs; and made plans to entertain groups of "Elderly People" in May.

SHEFFORD:

GRANBY HILL distributed garden and flower seeds for vegetable and flower competition in the fall; welcomed one new member; had contest on geographical locations and one on citizenship. GRANBY WEST heard article on raising flowers; gave a life membership pin to one member. WATERLOO-WARDEN renewed subscription to United Nations; had sale of seeds and bulbs; had a drawing for CARE; had a quiz on the "garden".

STANSTEAD:

AYER'S CLIFF are having a paper drive; are planning to have a booth at school track meet. BEEBE sponsored cancer drive; had a sale of fancy breads. NORTH HATLEY held a fashion show; gave money towards new world encyclopedia for local school. STANSTEAD realized \$25 from food sale; discussed county meeting report.

SHERBROOKE:

ASCOT had a card party; renewed subscription in CAC; donated \$10 to Cancer Drive, and \$5 to Red Cross. BELVIDERE held a flower quiz. BROMPTON ROAD started a campaign to get new W.I. members; donated \$10 to Cancer Fund; catered to auction sale luncheon; held a flower seed guessing contest. LENNOXVILLE heard a talk on history of local library; made 43 bed pads for Cancer dressing station; are making an application for French Conversation classes to be held next fall.

VAUDREUIL:

HARWOOD heard each member speak on some place where they had lived which proved informative and interesting. Compton's Picture Encyclopedia was the gift selected for presentation to the Macdonald High School in memory of Mrs. L. A. Wyse. Several boxes of used clothing were collected for Unitarian relief. Hats made at millinery course were on display.



RECIPE PAGE

TIPS ON BAKING CAKES

Nellie A. Parsons

A REALLY good home baked cake is not only a triumph for the cook, but is a delectable finish to the meal.

Every housewife makes cakes, but many of the fine points of making a good cake are not generally known, and the result is often due more to good luck than good technique. One famous cook stresses what she considers two important points — one to do, the other not to do. The “to do” is to cream the sugar and butter until very, very light, using your hands for the creaming until it is light as whipped cream. The “not to do” is not to put too much flour in the batter. Many recipes call for too much flour. When a cake rises unevenly or cracks open in the centre, the diagnosis is “too much flour.”

While there are so many varieties of cake, they may all, as a rule be classed in two major groups — butter cakes and sponge cakes. Cakes classed as butter cakes are made with shortening; those known as sponge cakes are made without shortening and depend upon air for leavening. While the food value of cake is higher than that of bread, it varies with the ingredients, therefore cake should not be added indiscriminately to an already heavy meal. Because it tempts to over eating of sugar it is not a desirable food for children or those trying to lose a few pounds of surplus weight.

Flour has a tendency to pack, and consequently decrease in volume, so for baking in general, it should be sifted before measuring, and for cakes it should be sifted several times. Pastry flour has more starch and less gluten than bread flour, thus its higher starch content, helps to produce cake with a tender crumb.

Butter is the preferred shortening, but vegetable shortening and cooking oils are excellent substitutes and far less expensive. The addition of chocolate or nuts in-



Whatever the event, whatever the weather, a good cake is never out of place.

creases the fat content and so makes a richer cake.

The lightness of sponge cakes, depends to some extent on the fact that the mixture clings to the pan in baking, that is why pans used for baking sponge cakes should not be greased.

Many good cooks use butter to grease their cake tins, because the flavour of butter is more readily detected in the crust than in the crumb of the cake, even though it had not been used in the cake itself. Often the salty sediment in the butter causes the cake to stick, therefore, in greasing a pan with butter, the fat should be melted and only the top oil used.

Cakes should not be allowed to brown; it makes such a difference in the taste. As a test take some batter, bake part of it in an oven hot enough to brown it well, and bake some of it without browning. They will not taste like the same cake, the unbrowned part will be much more tender. Cake absorbs moisture from other food, therefore, it should never be kept in the bread box.

NO DODGING THIS DUCKLING

The interested observer can see plenty of varieties of world fowl at the London Docks, and many make their homes in the quieter reaches. In a recent talk Captain Course, of London, who used to live near the Docks, described some of the birds he had seen, and recalled one nesting incident he had observed during the war. A crate of china packed with straw had escape a particularly bad blitzing of the warehouses at St. Katharine's Dock near Tower Bridge.

“Standing alone in the shelter of a roof, and near the edge of the quay, it was left unclaimed,” he said, “until a wild duck decided that an ideal nest could be made in the straw. And there she laid her eggs. The level of the water in the dock was 10 feet below the quay, and I wondered what the mother duck would do with her family after they had been hatched. I was fortunate enough to see. She picked them up in her beak, one by one, dropped them over the side of the quay into the water. They then received their first swimming lesson.”

STRANGER IN THE WILDERNESS . . .

(Continued from page 21)

bed. "What does he look like?"

"He's handsome. He's very handsome."

"What else?"

"Oh . . . cocky. You know, clever and knows it."

"I love confidence in a man!"

Tats squeezed her hands between her knees. "Unless the guy's ignorant, of course. Oh Pearl, how thrilling! Any more?"

"He's rather — well, a little fresh. He tried to take my hand." Pearl looked at the hand as if it still burned.

Tats bounced. "Dangerous men are always the most interesting!"

Pearl smiled. "For 15 you've sure been around, haven't you?"

"I've read. I've got lots of books Job and Else don't know about. And you must remember that I have been to a few barn dances!"

She remembered the barn dances all right. Pearl had never gone to one. Tats had. And when Job had thrashed her once for sneaking out Tats had laughed about it afterward and talked about the next time.

Job yelled upstairs. What was keeping her?

Pearl slipped into a clean blouse — one with a low neck line, and found a good pair of hose. She put on a little lipstick and buffed the shine from her nose.

DEL came in while they were still sorting potatoes and took a chair between the two girls. "Help?" he asked.

"We put the big ones in the barrels for market. We save the scrawny ones for ourselves," Tats told him. "Business you know."

Job came over and took a chair opposite.

"Lovely place you have here," Del said. "Prosperous looking."

"Cleared every acre myself, young man. By the sweat of my own brow I did. There's only two ways to get ahead, my father used to say, and hard work is both of them."

"Hard work and more hard work," Else chanted.

Del was watching Jo and Pearl was watching Del. She wondered if Job had maybe found an equal now. Del said "Guess that's why I never got any place. Bum around too much."

"What's your job young man?"

Del shrugged. "Nothing much right now. Took care of a few bees this summer."

Job bent forward and shook his head. "You'll never get anywhere that way, young man. Never in the world. Hard work and save, that's the only way!"

"Hard work and save," Else said. "Hard work and save."

"Infantry's a bad place for making a guy lazy, I guess. I was there too long, I guess."

Del was almost apologetic. Pearl was disappointed. She hadn't figured that Del would be so meek at all.

"Don't think you'll ever find bees putting much money in your pocket for you. You've got to put it there yourself," Job lectured.

"Got to earn it yourself," Else said.

"And a man ain't healthy without exercise. That's the way the Lord made him."

Pearl stood up. Her box was empty and she started for the cellar to fill it.

"I'll help you," Del said.

Job said "Never mind, I'll get it for her."

Tats looked up. "My how very polite we are when company's here."

Nobody pretended to notice. Del turned to Pearl again. "Just show me where they are and I'll bring up enough for all of you. Like your father says, a man should have exercise."

THEY went down the moss-grown steps that led to the cool depths of the cellar. She leaned over the side of the huge white-washed bin and started to fill the box. Her throat was dry and something bubbled in her blood with little music. She knew it was coming now. This had to be it. He put a firm arm about her waist and turned her around and found her lips. And the kiss clung till the little music swelled and throbbed in her ears and there was nothing else in the world.

"You do want to come out with me tonight, now don't you?"

This time she told the truth. "Yes. But I can't. You see why now."

"But you must come!" he said, putting his arms about her again.

They heard Job's hobnails thumping nearer on the porch above and they went up then. Pearl didn't like the look Job gave them.

Job said, "Young man, you didn't come here to sort potatoes or to be sociable I believe. Now about this here dog —"

Del said, "Oh yes. Where's the dog?"

Tats crept to the edge of her chair again and Pearl put a restraining hand on her arm. Together they watched Job bring the dog out of the woodshed. When he let it go it came over to them and lay on its back and said hello with his tail.

"Eats like a hog and he never would bring the cows up and now he's getting a shore spot on him. You wouldn't mind putting a bullet or two in him would you?"

Del suddenly started looking the dog over as if he were judging him in a ring. "Say, how much did this dog cost you?"

"Don't be silly young man. A dog is one thing I never lay out money for. Some hunters left him here last fall cause he was no-count I guess and the girls took a shine to him."

"How be I take him home with me instead of shooting him?"

JOB stuttered a bit. This was an angle he hadn't figured on. But never in his whole life had he passed up a chance to make money. He laughed awkwardly. "Well, what's he worth to you . . . Else, he wants to buy a dog. A buck too much?"

"Should be worth a dollar," Else said. "A dollar anyhow."

"But you were just going to shoot him!" Del said.

Job laughed some more. "That was before I knew of a market. It's not right to shoot something somebody wants, now is it? And a fellow should have a little money for his trouble boarding the critter."

Pearl thought she saw a new glint in Del's eyes. "O.K." he said. "A buck it is." He took out his billfold and managed to open it with Job looking over his shoulder. He ran his finger through the fat pad of bills. "Change a twenty?"

Job was sucking air. "Lots of money to be coming from bees, young man."

"Lot of bees. Try them sometime. They're fun." Then after he had finally found a one dollar bill and given it to Job, Del said, "I'm rather surprised to find you so impractical. Know what this dog is worth really? I figure he's just about the neatest, best bred little beagle I've seen in a coon's age. Worth a hundred bucks any day. And that bit of a sore is mange. Nickel's worth of sulphur and a clean bed and he'll be over that in no time. Thank's a lot, Job!"

It was a perfect little act and

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NUCLEAR WEAPONS . . .

(Continued from page 7)

whether we should or should not stop nuclear weapons testing are useless then — only the *individual* judgment is valid in comparing the additional benefit to be derived from further weapons testing, and the cost in human life and misery through the effects of radiation. One man's opinion is as good as any other's on this point. Unfortunately, governments seem to have been somewhat less than frank with their citizens in discussing both the benefits and the damage, and it has been difficult to arrive at an opinion.

My own opinion is that we already have weapons that we dare not use, and that nuclear warfare is suicide. If we do drop bombs of this sort, I see no point in so-called clean bombs, since presumably we would use dirty bombs on our enemies. I see no possible virtue in what we are doing and foresee a lot of harm from the results. But again I stress that this is my own personal judgment, based on my own moral and ethical principles. It is not a scientific judgment, since scientific evaluation cannot give an answer as to whether we should go on testing weapons or stop. We must all use our own consciences here, and we must not rely on, nor be misled by, pronouncements that pretend to be scientific.

HOT ON THE TRAIL . . .

(Continued from page 25)

and on the common there wasn't a dog in sight. We had a lovely walk and returned home triumphant at having successfully hoddwinked old Ot. So I thought.

But I had left the window open. Only a few inches. And going out into the yard for something was just in time to find Cindy with all but her back end out of the window with Ot watching hopefully.

By this time, I was seeing black dogs everywhere. On the ceiling, on the walls, in the kitchen sink.

Only that night with Cindy shut up in the kitchen and everybody in bed did I relax.

Much later on, in the middle of the night, something woke me up. I turned on the light and with my heart going banged bang I watched the door slowly opening. Just like one reads in cheap thrillers.

And there, big, black, with his eyes gleaming like the Hound of the Baskervilles, stood Ot in all his impertinent, infuriating glory.

Downstairs the front door was wide open. But if it had been shut, and I still don't know who had been sleepwalking, it wouldn't have surprised me for by that time I felt pretty sure that Ot was capable of getting through the keyhole.

Next day I took Cindy and my cheque book to the kennels.

BARBARA HARGREAVES

Stranger in the Wilderness

(Continued on page 29)

nothing could have hit Job fairer. Something inside Pearl wanted to stand up and shout, "Bull's-eye!" It was a strange, possessive sort of pride for her to have when she had no more intentions than she did.

Tats caught on too. "Your man can sure string a neat line," she whispered. He's super!"

Del came over to Pearl. "We'll be able to see that eclipse in 20 minutes," he said. "Shall we go now?"

Job, when he understood, began to look very much like the gorilla again. He came over with his arms hanging tense.

"Get out!" he roared.

"O.K." Del said. "coming Pearl?"

He waited for her answer. She had none.

"She's not going!" Job roared. "I'm not letting her. I'd kick her out of the house if she did!"

"You lie," Del said quietly. "These girls have been free hired help for you ever since they could walk. No wonder you don't want them to get away."

Tats bounced off her chair, her eyes flashing. "Go Pearl! He can't hurt you!"

Del's jaw began to tighten. "He dare'n't hurt you. I'll see to that . . . Look sis, I can't kidnap you. You've got to make this decision yourself . . . Is it really the old-maid school-teacher you're going to be? . . . Happiness belongs to the daring, Pearl . . . Coming?" SHE couldn't look up. She heard Job's hobnails inching closer. She heard the tense breathing all "No," she said. "Not tonight."

around her. She felt sick.

There was an unbearable silence then. Finally Del said, "I'm sorry for you, sis. Awfully sorry." And he walked off down the lane and into the rising moon.

Job said, "You go to your room, Pearl. Else and I will be wanting to have a little talk with you about this."

She went to her room. Downstairs Else turned the radio on to chase the chill out of the atmosphere. Love songs . . . Pearl went to the window. The moon was sitting in the high branches of the pines beyond the bluff. The woods beneath were veiled in an Indian summer mist that shimmered with fluorescent pallor and through them a loon was calling . . . Romance all about her, calling, offering, begging. Why had she said no when she wanted so much to accept? Wanted so much the happiness which belonged to youth?

Suddenly Del's words struck through her tortured mind. They sounded as clear now as when he had spoken them. Clearer. "Happiness belongs to the daring, Pearl" . . .

She rushed back to the window, threw it wide open. "Tats!" she cried. "That time you sneaked out to the barn dance — how did you do it?"

Tats came on the bounce. "The rainpipe and then the lilacs!" she said. "It's easy. Here let me give a start."

It wasn't so easy, but she made it. And the moment her foot touched the ground she knew that she would never be the same again. Let Job storm, or lock her up or starve her for it! Maybe he would. That would be tomorrow. Nothing mattered now.

"Del!" she cried and the echoes went flying down the moonlit path ahead of her. "Del! Wait for me!"

RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS

"I've learned that the happy people are the people who *like* doing what they have to do. I love my job, and to young people I would say, choose carefully even if it takes you a year or so, and don't let them shove you into Dad's office unless you want to go. And don't decide in one evening what you're going to do for the next fifty years."

The Rev. Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, speaking in England recently.

A SMALL WEDDING



OBSERVATION POINT — Families and friends of bride and groom stand outside peering through doorway during wedding. Surrounding communities can tell when service is being held by ringing of bell in steeple.



WITH THIS RING — At climax of nuptial service, Cyril Wiggins places wedding ring on finger of his bride. Walls of church are adorned with literature of many faiths.

COMPLETE with bell, altar and a robed minister, the world's smallest church carries on with its high calling near Hudson, Massachusetts. The chapel is non-denominational in character and seats but five persons. Good weather is therefore rather important for any service where the attendance is large.



SALUTE — The wedding ceremony ended, Cyril Wiggins kisses his bride in little Union Church, as Rev. West and best man and matron of honor, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hill, look on. Families and friends stood outside, watching ceremony through open doorway.



SENDOFF — Bride and groom take advantage of adjacent highway to make speedy departure on honeymoon. Church is on the minister's property near his home.

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